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Vol. 20 No. 3

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To make Best feel better...
Here's Red hot Angie Lyn

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Can you think of a better greeting for a man coming out of prison than the sight of one of his best lady friends stripped off? Neither could we. So by way of saying our 'Welcome back' to George Best who comes out of Pentonville this month after a 12 week term for a drink/driving offence and assaulting a policeman, we present his bosom buddy, 34-24-36 Angie Lyn. Although these pictures were taken and offered to us before Angie became a blonde, and before Geroge went to prison, we're sure that they will be appreciated especially since her bright red PVC outfit is reminiscent of Manchester United colours. It is a far cry from George's last all-too-short glimpse of Angie – across a table when the 26-year-old went to visit the famous ex-footballer a few weeks ago.

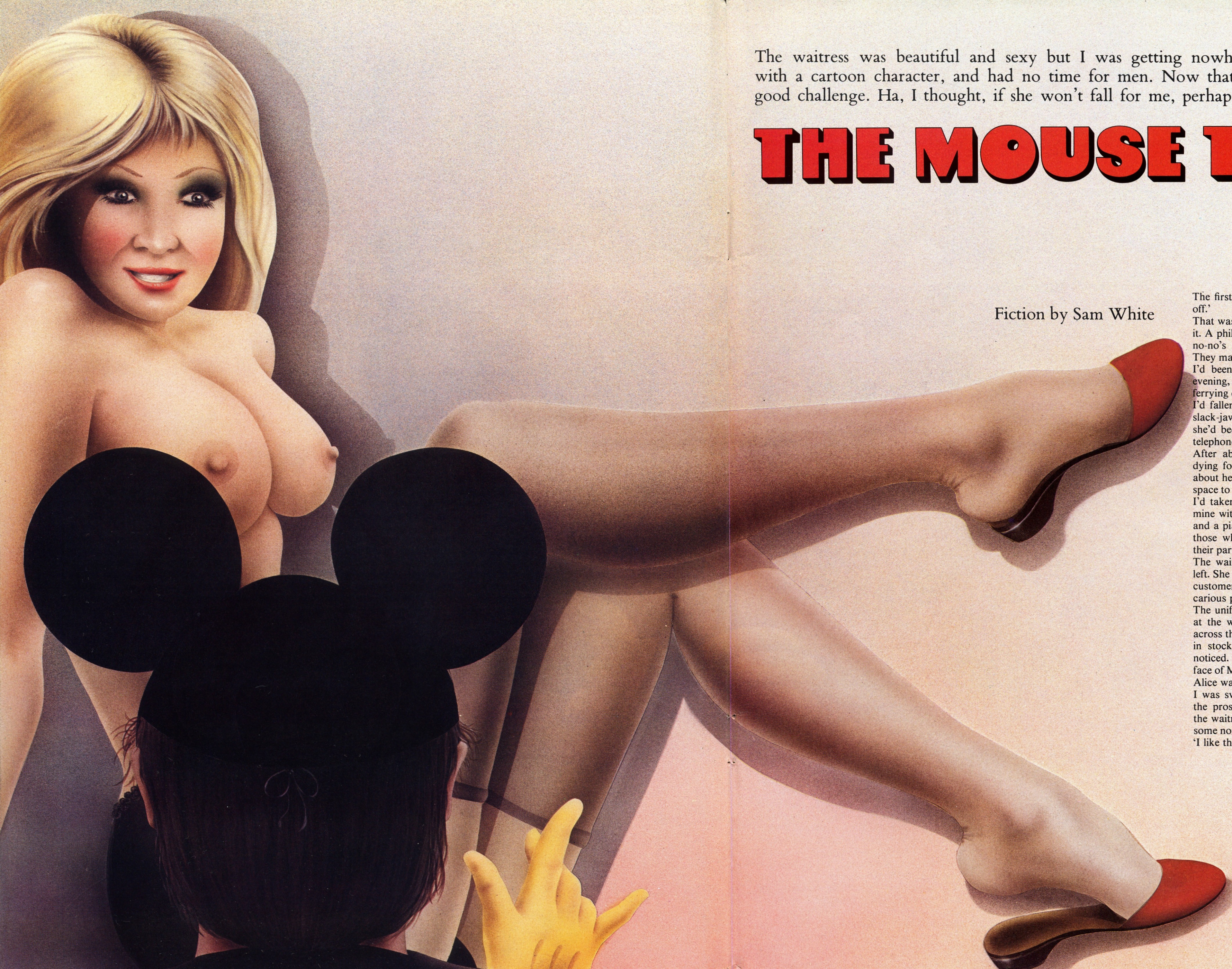
OXO
The Original Red Cube

George met Angie at London's *Tramp* nightclub in June. He asked her out to lunch, then, according to Angie, decided to bring his ex-wife (also called Angie) and three-year-old son Calum along too. 'It was the last thing I expected,' Best's new friend told the *News of the World*. 'But she was marvellous, and I fell in love with Calum right away.' Angie, who had previously been going out with *Coronation Street's* Chris Quinten, has also been helping Best keep away from drink, and described recent events as 'the worst situation he could find himself in.' But now it's over, and the couple are free to celebrate, not just Best's return, but Angie's part in *a View to Kill* – the new James Bond film.

The waitress was beautiful and sexy but I was getting nowhere. She, was obsessed with a cartoon character, and had no time for men. Now that had to be a cracking good challenge. Ha, I thought, if she won't fall for me, perhaps she'll fall for Mickey

THE MOUSE TRAP

Fiction by Sam White



The first words she said to me were, 'Fuck off.'

That was when I asked her out. I could take it. A philanderer like me had to accept a few no-no's in the pursuit of bed-sheet justice. They made the chase more entertaining.

I'd been watching her nutty little butt all evening, scootering amongst the tables, ferrying culinary delights to the punters.

I'd fallen foul of a blind date; landed me a slack-jawed Alice from Croydon because she'd been a sexy voice in the ear over the telephone.

After about three minutes with her I was dying for the pips to go as she prattled on about her job in the advertising world, selling space to mugs like me.

I'd taken her to Scripts, a regular haunt of mine with a neat menu slanted French-wise, and a piano tinkling by the parquet floor for those who fancied sliding their hands over their partners.

The waitress was serving the tables to our left. She was having a ball, back-chatting her customers, and managing to balance precarious plates all down her slim naked arms. The uniform was a slinky silk tunic buckled at the waist. It suited her as she twitched across the floor with legs like the sort you see in stocking adverts. It was the shoes you noticed. Slippers really, each with the raised face of Mickey Mouse sewn onto the instep.

Alice was off in the ladies repairing her face. I was swilling my wine around, and rueing the prospect of a lacklustre evening, when the waitress swanned in close on her way to some noisy quartet with a bottle of bubbly.

'I like the slippers,' I said as she swerved by,

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

DANUTA LATO

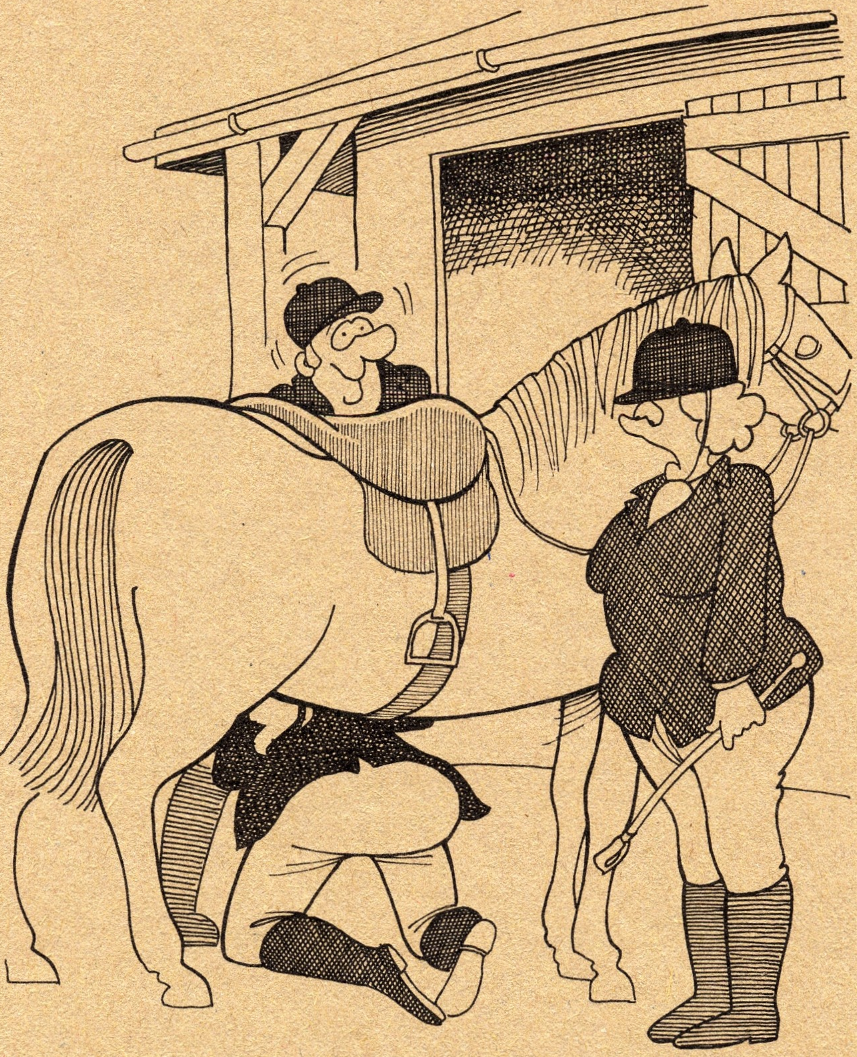
Germany’s new 40-inch Film Star

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

At only 21-years-old, there is no doubt that actress and model, Danuta Lato, has big things in front of her. In demand for magazine work ever since she left her Polish homeland for Germany, her spectacular five foot two inch, 40-25-35 frame is now set to make her a big star in the cinema as well. So here's a chance to preview Krakow's second most famous export.

Although she only speaks one language fluently, and that's Polish, Danuta has already landed a part in the comedy film, *Drei und eine Halbe Portion* ('Three and a Half Helpings'). She and equally buxom Carmen Lentz play two dancers, appropriately named 'The Titti Sisters' who are picked by three pilots (German comic Karl Dall, Olympic decathelete Jürgen Hingsen and world champion weightlifter Rolf Milsner). In their plane they are chased across Europe, eventually being allowed to land when one pilot insists that they have two highly explosive devices (namely lovely Danuta and Carmen) aboard.

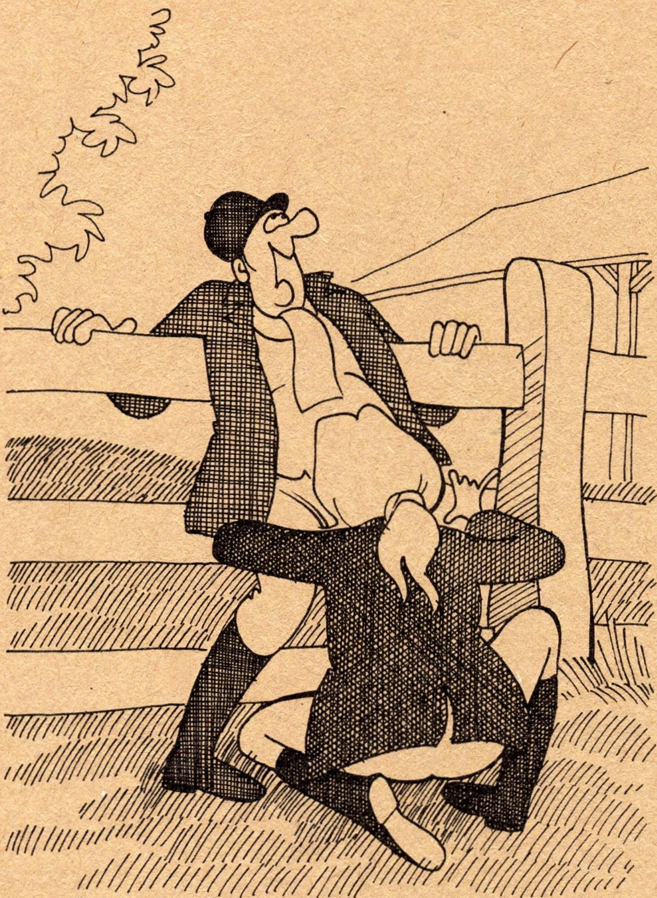
Already the film is attracting a great deal of attention thanks to Danuta and Carmen's sensational parts, and the involvement of two of Germany's top athletes. Also a talented folk singer and dancer, Danuta tells us that she would love to emulate the success of that other outstanding singer, Dolly Parton, by combining music and comedy acting. In the meantime, she carries on with her part-time job as a playleader in a kindergarten. 'I love children,' she said, adding that one day she would like to have a few of her own. Her hobbies are swimming, dancing and playing volleyball (a game, you may recall, where bouncing is prohibited!). Her best friend is still the man who brought her to Germany. He's an accountant – and a lucky guy!



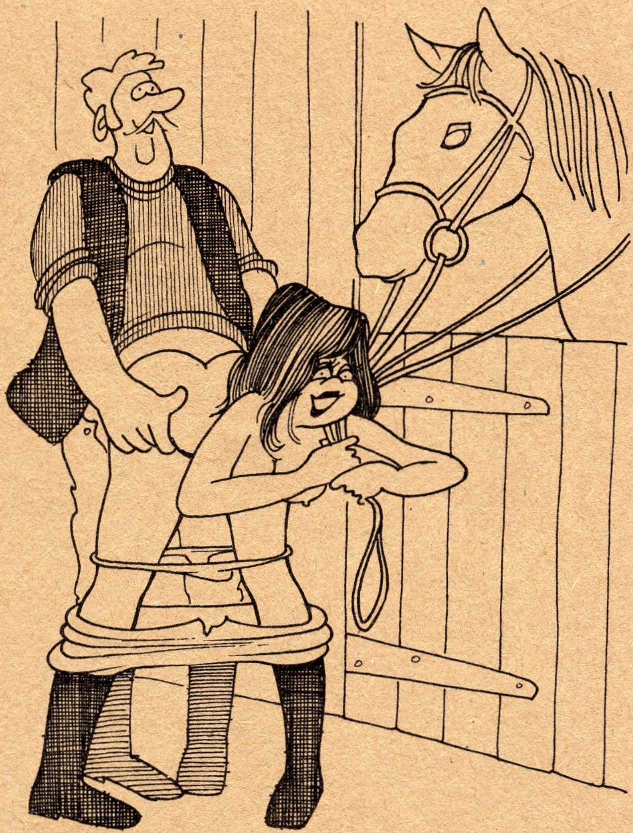
'I'm sure Mr Peters is quite capable of adjusting his own girth strap, Teresa.'

MOUNTING EXCITEMENT

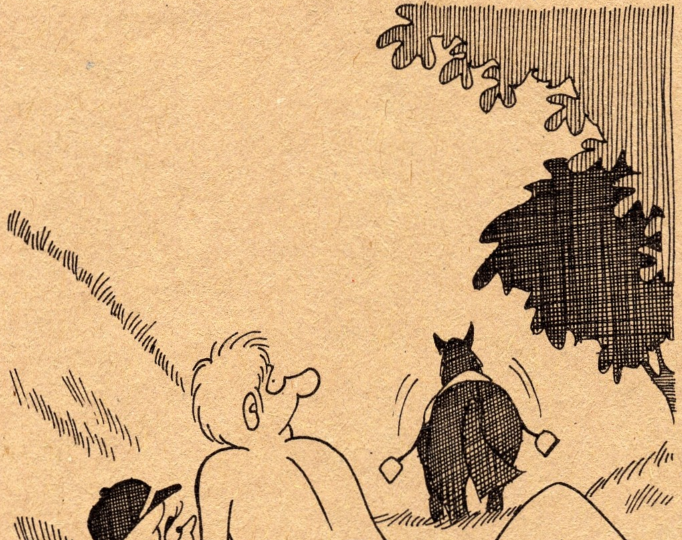
A young woman's passions can gallop away with her when she visits a riding school, says cartoonist Anthony



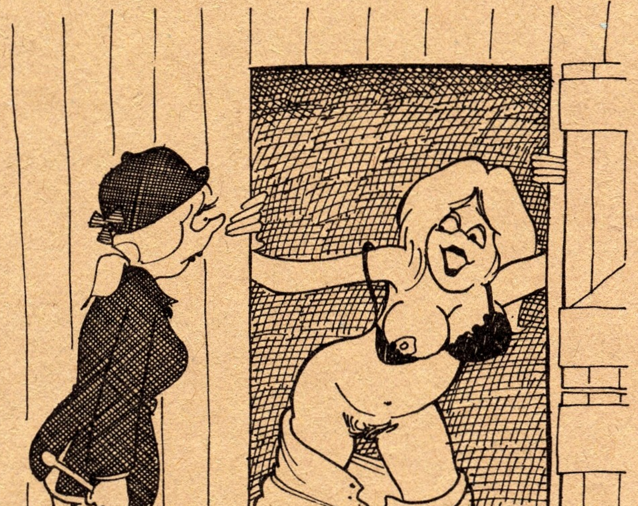
'Oh, yes, Miss Jones, you've definitely got the bit between your teeth.'



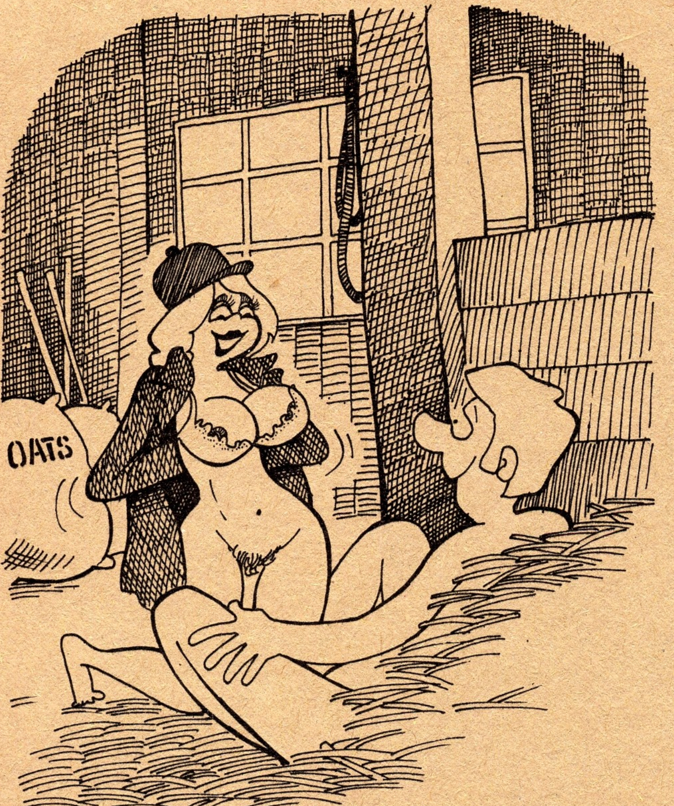
'I'm not at all sure you should be riding bare-back on your first day.'



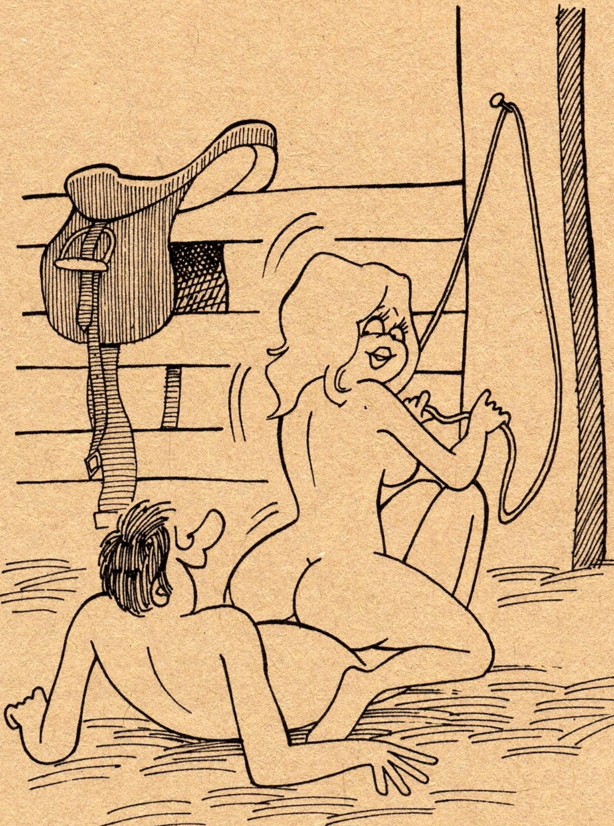
'Don't worry, my horse is quite used to finding his own way back to the stables.'



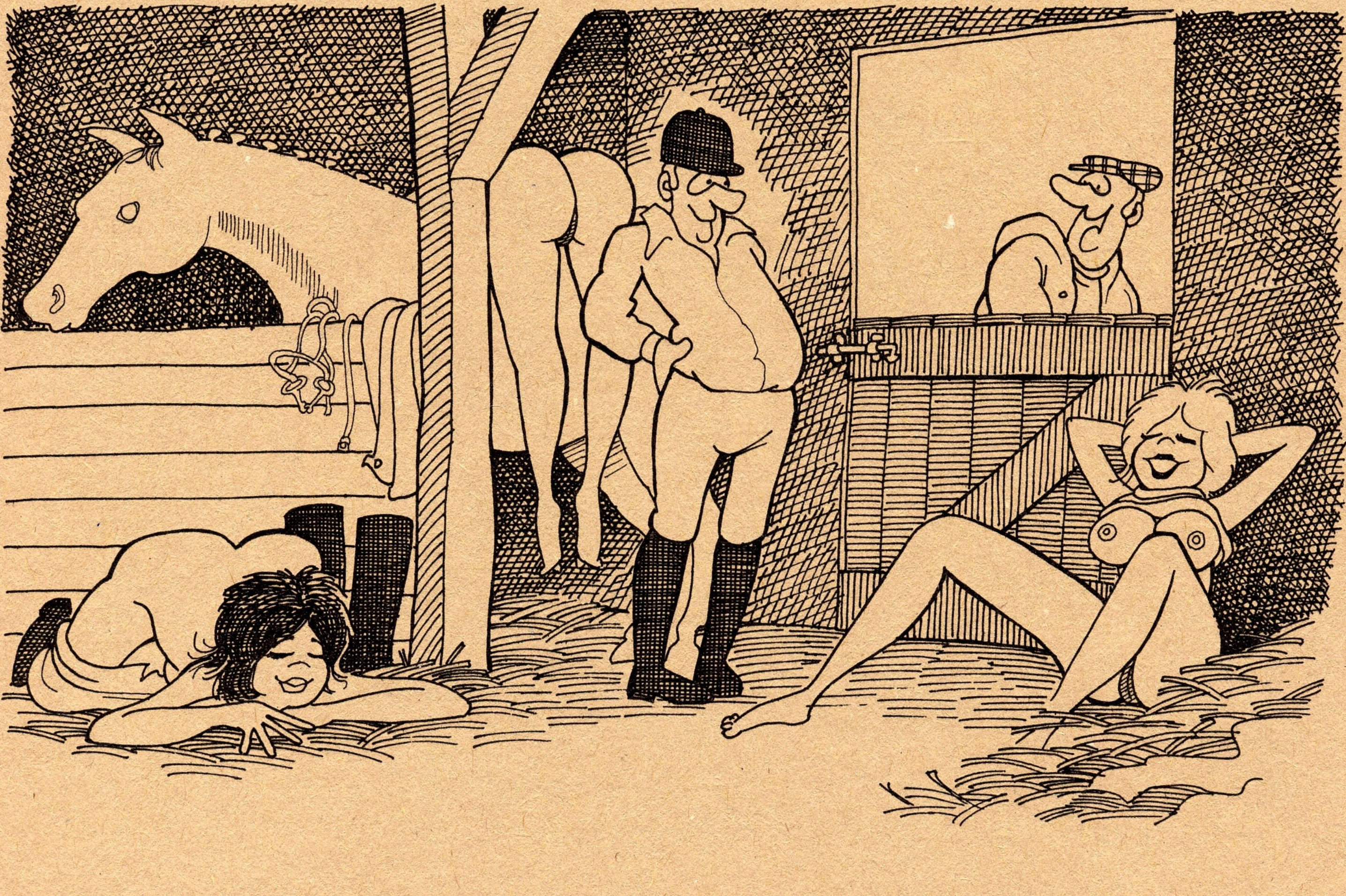
'It reared up in front of me, and I'm not talking about the horse.'



'Gosh, I've never ridden one that big before!'



'I think we might actually let you have a go on a horse tomorrow.'



'I expect you must be feeling a little saddle sore after your first day.'

Denise

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN POOLE

It's not many of our models who can claim to have appeared on stage at Sadlers Wells, but 19-year-old Denise D'Cruz has. As a pupil of the Sally Chanelle Stage School she appeared in pantomimes at that theatre. 'I was always playing the boys' parts because I was tall,' said our five foot nine beauty who measures in at a distinctly unboyish 35–25–35. Denise studied ballet for 13 years, and was taught traditional Hungarian and Greek dance.

Denise was brought up in Tooting where she went to Hydeburn Comprehensive. 'I hated school, and left at 15 when I spent two months working in Chelsea Girl.' As soon as she was 16 Denise turned to modelling, fashion and topless. 'I have done fashion shows in Paris and Olympia. Myself, I buy cheap clothes, and add trimmings to make them look pricey.'

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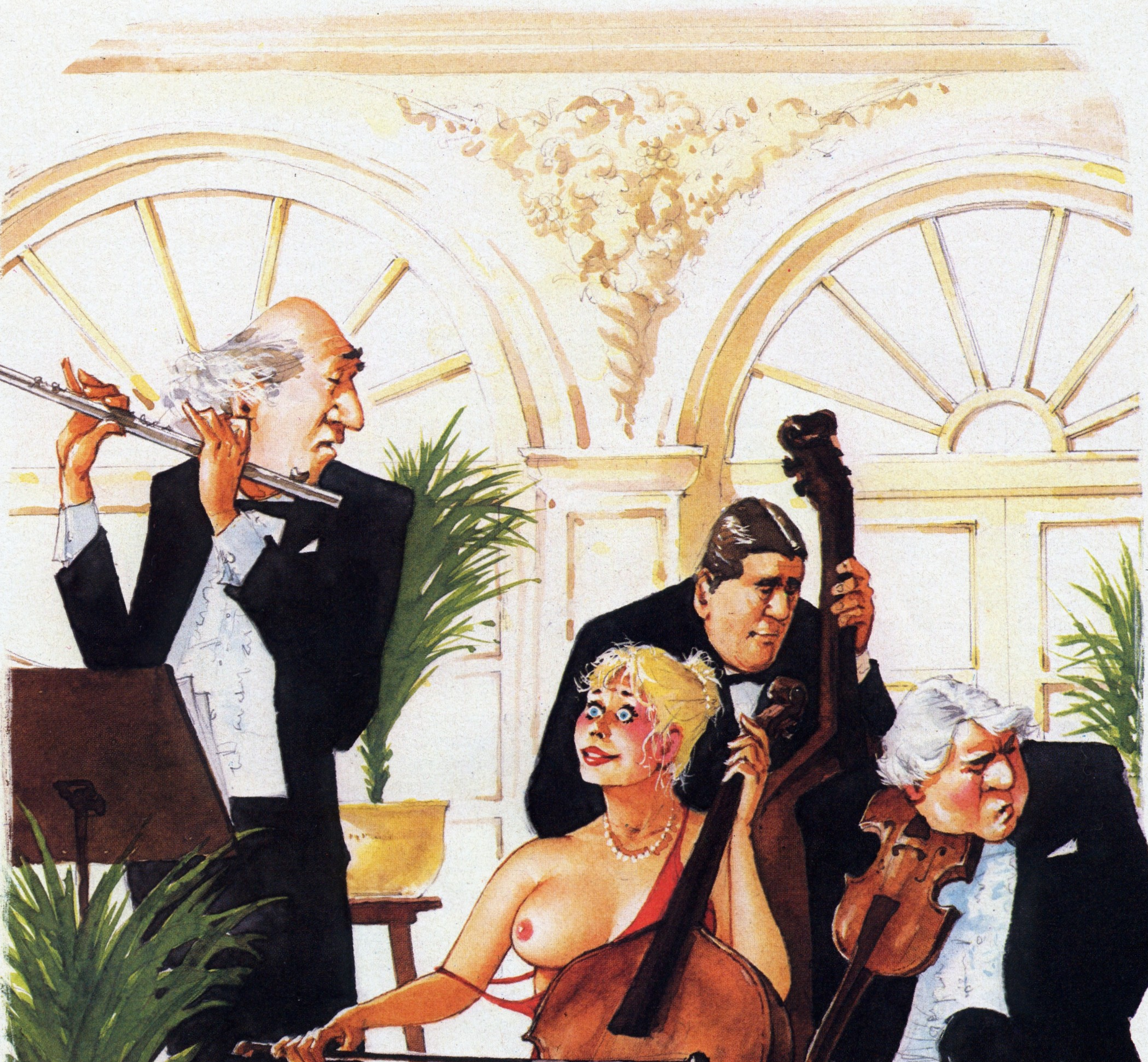


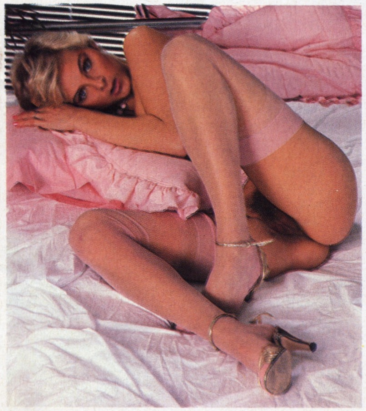
NBORNE
TRING
ARTET
LEADER:
MOISEY
FORBES.

'Perhaps a little less allegro in the Nutcracker Suite *next time, Miss Ogilvy.'*

Philippa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

When sexy 22-year-old Philippa Smyth called in at the *Mayfair* offices to tell us all about herself, one of our journalists was rash enough to try the corny line that she made his pulse race. He thought it was his lucky day when she reached out to take his wrist, but soon realised his mistake when our blonde beauty announced, 'No it's not, it is perfectly normal.' For Philippa is a medical student, and hopes eventually to become a general practitioner. 'I always wanted to go into medicine because it is a way of doing something useful with my life as well as meeting lots of people. I couldn't bear to be stuck in an office all day.' We have to thank Philippa's medical colleagues for her delightful 35-24-35 appearing in *Mayfair*. 'We are having a fund-raising drive for charity, and they have sponsored me to model. Besides, I've always fancied trying glamour modelling.' Modest Philippa wouldn't say for how much she is sponsored, but whatever they forked out it was worth it.



Philippa was brought up in a small village outside Windsor, and went to the local convent school. 'I hardly knew what boys were until I started going out to discos at seventeen,' she said. 'I used to be very shy with them, but I've grown out of that since being at medical school. Doctors are renowned for their wild sense of humour, and we see so many naked bodies you soon lose any feelings of embarrassment. But I still go weak at the knees when I see Richard Dreyfuss in a film. He was in *Jaws* and the *Goodbye Girl*, and he's so cuddly and witty. I think a sense of humour is much more important in a man than just having a set of muscles, but I like those too.'

Most of Philippa's evenings are spent studying the dozens of books that form part of her course. But she does enjoy the London nightlife on Saturdays. 'I think it would be a crime to stay in on a Saturday night. There are so many good clubs and restaurants in town that I want to try as many as possible. I'm not into these places where people go just to be seen, I like dancing. It's good exercise, and I can't think of a better place to meet lots of guys without any commitment to see them again.' She has no regular boyfriend, and no plans of settling down for several years. I have a lot of studying to do, and must not be too distracted yet.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
PHILIPPA SMYTH

Lee Ann

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

The bustling city, of Toronto with its ultra-modern skyscrapers towering overhead is the home town of 22-year-old Lee Ann. She was born and brought up there, and currently lives in the city working as a model and dancer. In fact, *Mayfair* was very lucky to capture these pictures of Lee's 34-23-34 figure at all. She posed for them on a brief visit to this country, and is now back in Canada, delighting men there with her work. We're told that sadly she has no immediate plans to return, although she enjoyed her stay a great deal. She claimed that she was particularly keen on British men. 'They're so suave, smart and polite,' she said, adding that she was also very fond of the British sense of humour. 'I like a man who can make me laugh,'.

But even the most amusing, sophisticated man Britain could find would not keep Lee from her grass roots. Lee has been modelling in Canada since she was 14, originally part-time for newspapers. She took time off to study commercial art in Scarboro, 20 miles north east of Toronto, specialising in layout and design. 'When I've finished modelling, I'd like to try for a career in that field,' she told us. 'But right now I have too many other ambitions, I'd like to branch out into fashion work, for instance.'

If Lee ever requires advice on her modelling career, then help is close at hand. Her mother was also a professional model when she was younger and living in New York, so knows all the tricks of the trade. So far though, Lee's career has been trouble-free which leaves little room for hobbies. But when she does find time to relax, she likes to ride her horse, Calypso, in the nearby countryside. Her brain needs exercise too, she reckons, and Lee gives that a work-out with regular chess matches. 'I find the game fascinating,' she told us, adding with false modesty that she is 'quite good.' We've heard that she's actually red-hot at it – so don't challenge her unless you have a few gambits up your sleeve. Of course, you'd have to make it part of a Canadian visit unless . . . 'Yes, I would *like* to come back to Britain . . .'

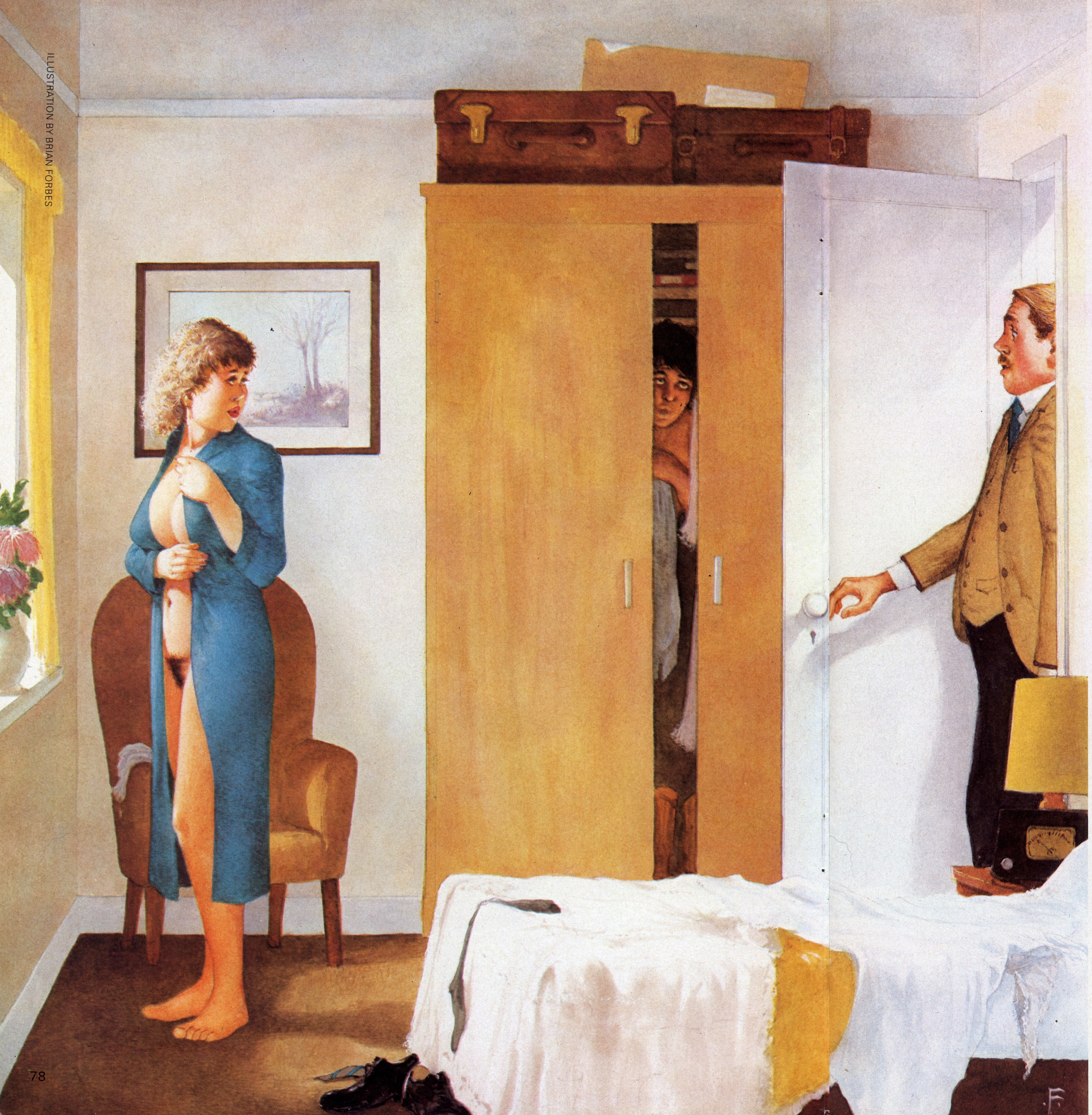


ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN FORBES

Most junior schools have one boy who is outstandingly preoccupied with sex. He it is who first tells us, misleadingly, how babies are made. Ours was Harrap, and he unblushingly pursued Miss Crane the undermatron

The day that randy Harrap forgot the Headmaster's homily

Prep-School Nostalgia by Peter McAllister

'And the moral of the story is,' the Headmaster barked genially, 'if you can't be good, be careful.'

It was the penultimate day of our last term at our Sussex prep school, and he was giving us his famous Leavers' Talk upon Matters Not Enitrely Unconnected with Sex.

He began his supposed revelations informally enough.

'There's no great mystery about it, you know, boys,' he said, addressing his preliminary circumlocutions to a portion of oak panelling on the far side of the study. We waited patiently to hear what we already knew, while the Headmaster rambled on, fiddling about with his pipe, revving up, as it were, for the important bit.

'Basically,' he added eventually, 'it stiffens up, and it goes in.'

Harrap laughed. He tried to do this surreptitiously, but it coincided with a sneeze (a result of his chronic hay fever, no doubt) so that the final product was a fairly ludicrous noise. The Headmaster looked up sharply from his pipe.

'Was that you, Harrap, making that ridiculous noise?'

'Sorry, sir.'

'Was it a laugh or a sneeze?'

'Sort of both, sir.' There was a pregnant silence while the Headmaster frowned.

'I suppose it is quite funny,' he said. 'You're all rather young, boys, but I thought I ought to tell you something of these arcane mysteries before you left.'

Quite soon after that he finished his talk with a few vague warning noises about public school homosexuality, and then dismissed us with a perfunctory 'Off you go then, boys.'

Of course, Harrap had had good reason to laugh. He had always known far more about sex than any of us. In fact, it was chiefly from him that the rest of us had learnt about it.

It had been Harrap, for example, who at the tender age of eight, had first proudly announced to us that babies came out of their mothers' bottoms. The following term, he had been in a position to elaborate upon this: the father, it seemed, had first to stick his willy up the mother's bottom, a deed which we immediately dismissed as not only impossible physically, but silly (in this respect, not differing much from most other adult behaviour).

Then, a year or so later, and after several confused readings of the Ladybird book *How It Works— The Human Body*, Harrap authoritatively assured us that, yes indeed, the man did pee up the lady's slot (Actually it had said 'fluid', but what else could that mean? Obviously it was pee). We still thought it all sounded rather silly, but by that stage we had had enough experience of nocturnal stiffenings to understand some of the mechanical aspects of the business.

Still Harrap steamed ahead. Physically precocious anyway (he had pubes long before any of the rest of us), Harrap had had his knowledge of sexual matters greatly enriched by the reported experience of his three elder brothers. He had heard and believed all their tall stories, he had access to all their 'scientific literature,' and had spent many puzzled hours poring over such learned texts as *The Naked Ape* and *The Comfort of Sex*. The benefit of all this secret and forbidden knowledge, Harrap was able to pass on to us, after lights-out in the dormitory.

In the course of these lectures, which would often be accompanied by torchlit demonstrations performed with the willing assistance of one or more of the school pillows, Harrap outlined to us the nitty-gritty of this problematic subject.

So when, years later, the Headmaster finally felt able to inform us that 'it stiffens up, and it goes in,' we all knew perfectly well that the correct order of ceremonies was as follows.

Man: 'Darling!'

Lady: 'Yes, darling?'

(Harrap clutches the pillow to his chest.)

Man: 'Darling, I love you.'

(A groan emerges from the depths of Harrap's belly. Now the chivalrous offer is made . . .)

Man: 'Darling, shall we have a baby?'

Alternatively, he could say, 'Baby, let's fuck!' The Lady shall then politely squeal, 'Ooh, yes!' or make some other appropriate response.

On completion of these preliminaries, the pillow would be placed on the edge of the bed while Harrap, parting his pyjama trousers, prepared to 'stick it up her.' Then, with a creak of the bedsprings, he would be

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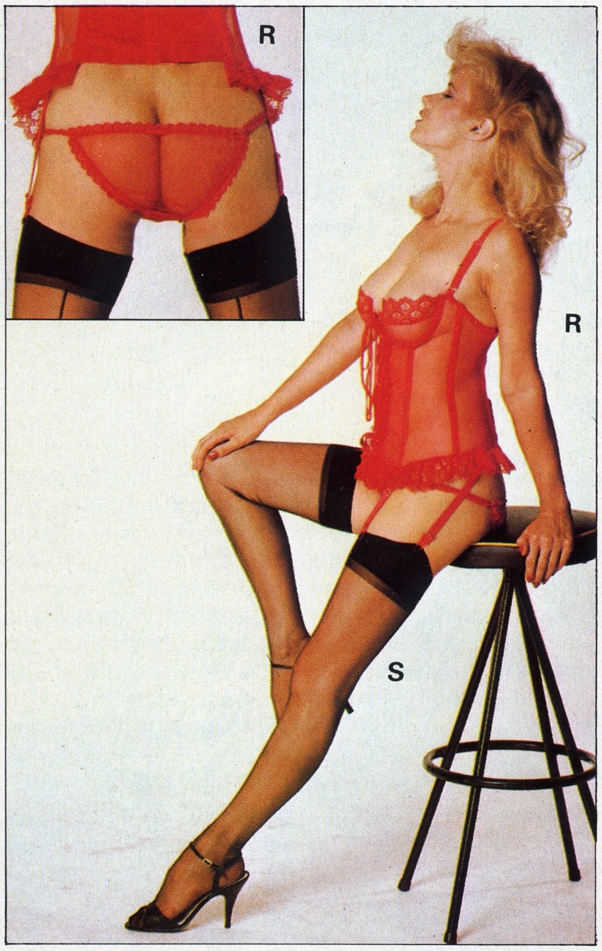

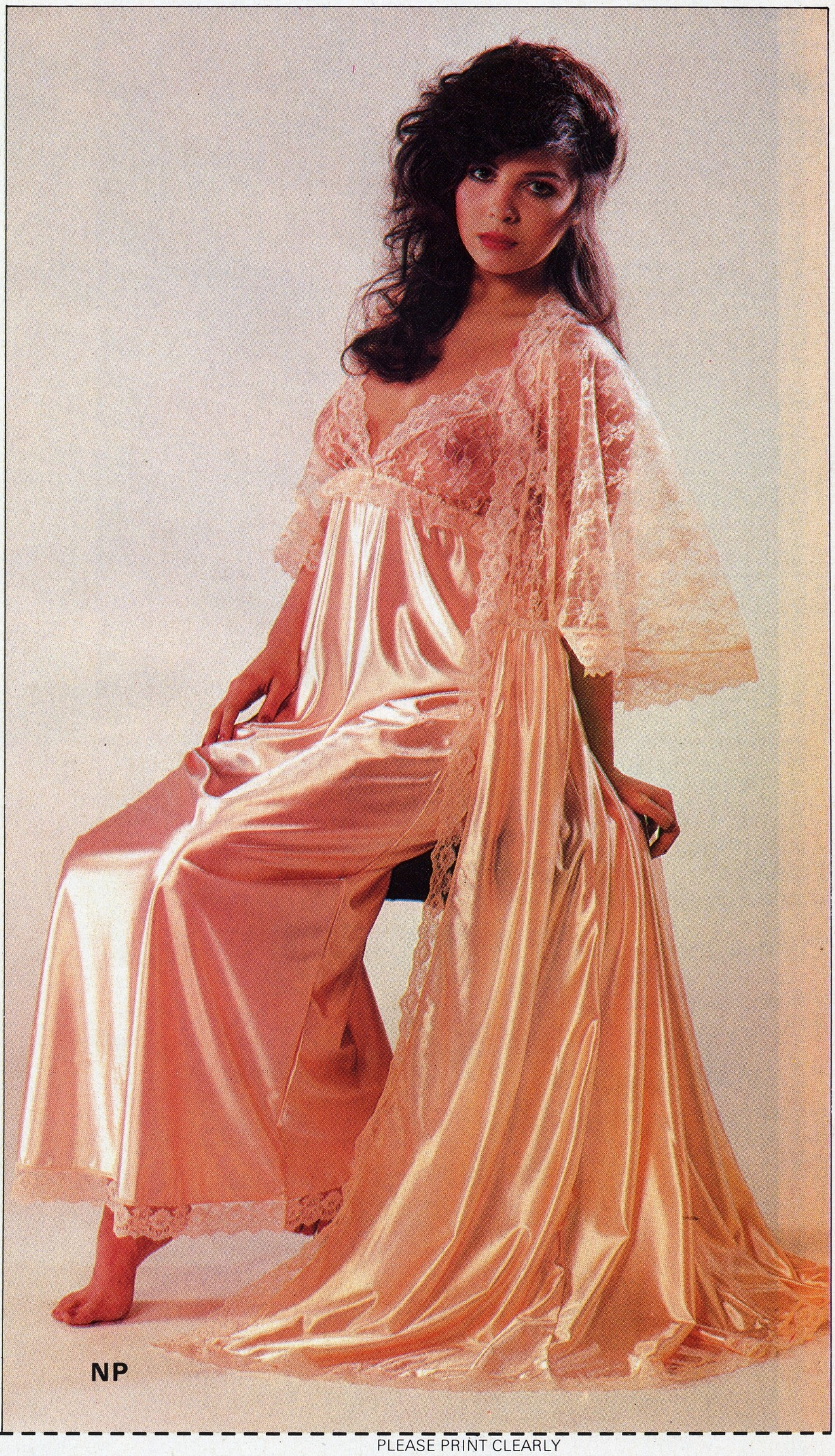

It's late: time to retire for the night. Then, you feast your eyes upon your lady, sexy and sophisticated in our exotic lingerie: an alluring nightdress in satin-like material, and matching negligee in a delicate apricot colour, trimmed with lace. Previously sold as separate garments, we are now able to offer them as a set, saving nearly £4 on the individual prices. Or, for those playful nights treat her to our sheer nylon basque in red, also trimmed with lace, complete with matching tanga briefs. And any woman will feel more daringly sexy when she puts on our sheer glass nylon seamed black stockings.

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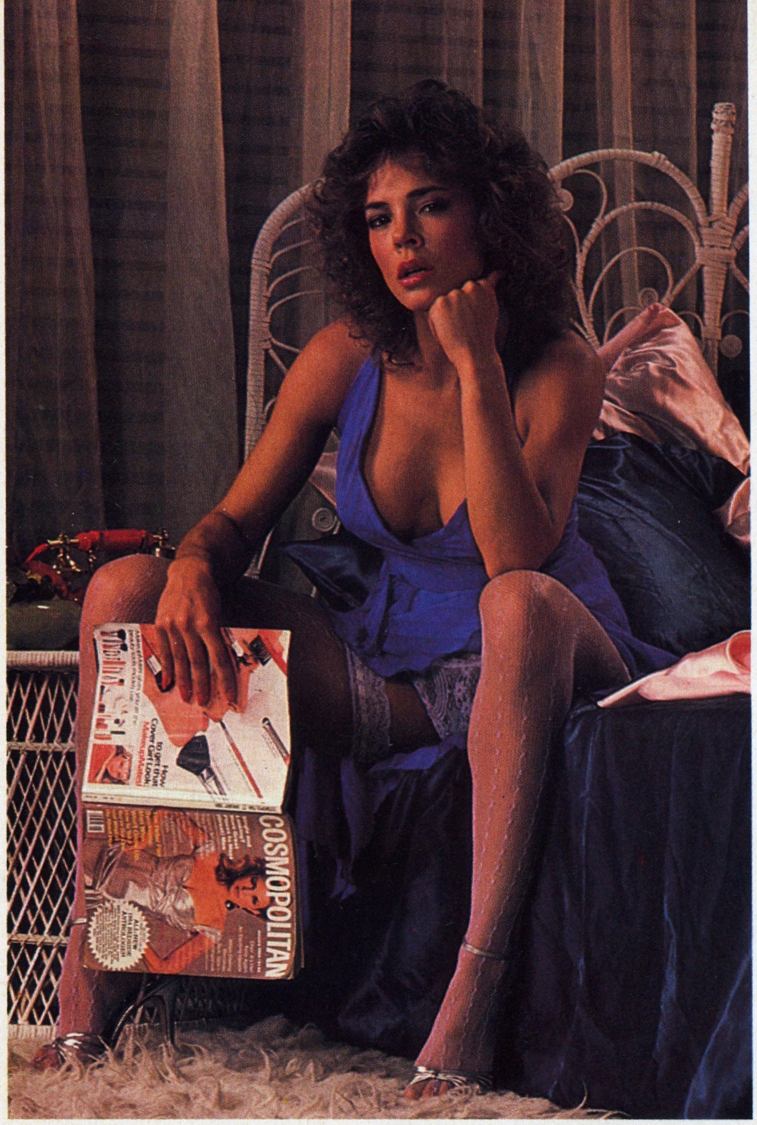

Melanie

The Lake District in England's north west provides some of Britain's most beautiful scenery. Another attraction is that it is also the birthplace of the equally attractive Melanie Wentworth. Twenty-two-year-old Melanie spent much of her childhood in the village of Staveley, near Kendal, and now lives close to the banks of Lake Windermere. In fact 34-22-34 Melanie spends almost as much time on the lake itself in her boat as she does in her delightful 19th century house. 'I get out on the water as often as possible,' she told us. 'It's so peaceful. Besides I find all that rowing is good exercise.'

But apart from her boat and occasional walks through the spectacular countryside, Melanie confesses that she is a stay-at-home girl at heart. Her hobbies are painting and sketching, principally still life, and folk music. 'I've been playing the guitar since I was a child,' Melanie said, 'and recently I've started writing my own songs.' What are they about? 'I started with moody ones about old boyfriends,' she smiled. 'Now they tend to be as rumbustious as rugby songs. People are always asking me to do them at parties.' In fact, she is thinking of performing at the local folk club.'

'People think that just because a person lives in a remote area, they have to lead some kind of monastic existence,' claimed Melanie. 'They're wrong. I enjoy dressing up sexily just as much as girls in town do, and so long as you have a car, there's no need to be lonely.' In fact, Melanie claims that the girls in the Lake District are even sexier than their urban equivalents. 'There are fewer of us around up here – and we have to keep the men happy, don't we?' So saying, Melanie dashed off in her red Suzuki jeep to cheer up a few more lonely men. 'With a song, of course!' she added hastily.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Who was the world's first computer operator?
Eve – she had an Apple in one hand and a Wang in the other.

Three country lads went to their local village disco hoping to find some accommodating girls. By 11pm, Frank and Bob had lured two attractive, giggly girls from one of the nearby farms, but Jim had completely failed to find anyone even to dance with him. Miserable, lonely and frustrated, he decided he might as well go home.
About two hundred yards from his house, he happened to pass a field of newly ripe pumpkins. The moonlight was glinting off their smooth, rounded surfaces, and for a second they reminded Jim of the curves of a naked lady, lying in the field just waiting for him. He could almost hear her crying out to him. He stood for a few moments getting more and more excited at the thought, until he could bear it no longer. Suffering the agony of frustrated libido, he went into the field, and lay down amongst the vegetables, hugging one like the firm buttocks of the girl he longed for. Then he decided to take it one stage further. Cutting a hole in the pumpkin, he whipped out his rampant member, and started to make love to it, murmuring the name of his current fantasy.
'Oh, Jane, Jane,' he cried. Then, just as he was about to satisfy his pent-up emotion, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked around.
'Good evening, sir,' said a voice. It was George the village bobby. 'And what do you think you might be doing with that pumpkin.'
'Pumpkin?' replied Jim thinking quickly. 'Christ! Is it midnight already?'

The foreman of a small firm was called up by the management, and told that because times were hard it was necessary to make two workers redundant.
'It's up to you who it is,' said the manager. 'But two people have to go.'
The foreman racked his brain, trying to find a satisfactory solution. Who would be the best person to fire? The more he considered, the worse it got. Eventually he decided that the only way was to make his choice completely arbitrary.
'I'll sack the first two who come to the tea machine at lunchtime,' he said to himself.
At five past one, Mary and Jack went to the tea machine, and the foreman decided they were the unlucky pair.
'I'm terribly sorry, Mary,' he said quietly, 'but I'm going to have to lay you and Jack off.'
Mary looked at him, then smiled.
'Sorry, love, I've got a headache,' she replied. 'But you can jack off behind one of the machines.'

Henry rolled off his wife after another unsuccessful attempt at intercourse.
'You make no effort to satisfy me,' his wife said accusingly.
'Yes, I do,' protested Henry. 'But it would help if you encouraged me. Why don't you tell me when you're having an orgasm?
His wife smiled sweetly.
'Because, Henry, you're never there.'

During the French Revolution, hundreds of members of the aristocracy were beheaded. So much so that the mob watching grew blasé about the spectacle. In order to excite the crowd again, the executioners were ordered to tell the prisoners in graphic, gory detail what their fate would be. That way, the frightened prisoner would scream with fear as he was led out, and the spectators react with cries of 'Coward! Off with his head.' This proved so successful, a large sign was put up as a guide for the executioner. It read, 'Don't hatchet your Counts, before they're chicken.'

A strapping young girl went to the police, complaining that a four foot six inch window cleaner had forced his attentions on her.
'But, how did he reach?' enquired the sergeant suspiciously.
'He used his bucket, officer,' replied the girl angrily.
The sergeant frowned.
'But couldn't you have kicked it away?'
'Scarcely,' she said. 'He put it over my head, and swung on the handle!'

A yokel from a Somerset village was taken to the local hospital suffering from four broken ribs and a broken leg.
'How on earth did you do that?' asked the young nurse.
'Oi met the Vicar, the other day, and he said he were disgusted at moi dog, Spot. Said oi should teach him to pee in the gutter. So oi was doing just that, but I fell off the roof.'

There was a young lady named Dodd
Who believed that her child came from God.
It was not the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
It was Roger, the lodger, the sod.

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Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Voluptuous is the word that springs to mind when you meet Jane Hall for the first time. You can tell from just looking at that sensual face and buxom 38-26-36 figure that she enjoys life to the full. 'It might sound irresponsible, but I don't have any worries or responsibilities. I just work for six months in England, then spend the whole summer in Spain.'

Back in England for the winter, Jane, 20, is working in her native Leeds as a secretarial temp. 'Temping is a great way of meeting men, there are always plenty of them in offices. I just want to have a good time at the moment, and that includes men. When I am older I want a family, but not yet.' And Jane isn't shy about pursuing a dishy guy. 'I enjoy being a big girl because it gets you noticed, specially when I don't wear a bra. One place I worked I was a replacement secretary for two weeks. My boss was only a year or two older than me, and I could tell he fancied me but was too shy to say anything. So one day when he asked me to take dictation I just walked over and sat on his lap. We didn't get much work done, but he took me to dinner afterwards.'

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